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I caught a taxi. Forty-five minutes later I was ringing the bell of a pleasant-looking bungalow. The door was opened by a woman at least five-foot-ten. She blushed when she saw me.

"My husband sent me a wireless about you," she said quietly. "Will you come in?"

"I don't know," I replied. "What did he say?"

She pulled a bluish-white paper from her bodice, and handed it to me. It read:

SS. Maurice via San Juan del Sur.
Mrs. Harry Mallow—
Friend from Panama will arrive SS. Para.

MALLOW.

I reread it and then looked at the magnificent creature before me. She was dressed in green.

"He has gone to Callao," I said briefly. "He will be in Honolulu in ten days. He needs you."

"Is he sick?" she demanded anxiously. "He is a fool," I replied. "I am sailing for the Islands day after tomorrow. Will you come with me and meet him?"

Womanlike she glanced back at the rooms opening into the hallway. She seemed to consider a great many things. Then she said curtly, "I'll go, of course. Will you—?"

"I'll book you on the Ventura," I told her. "I'll be here at nine day after tomorrow and take you down."

She dipped into housewife details of what she must do in the meanwhile. I listened. She spoke vaguely of arrangements about the house. I broke in:

"Madam, you must meet him in Honolulu. I give you my word your husband is in need of you."

"I'll go anyway," she sighed. The door closed behind me.

Prompt to the minute I called for her two days later. She had but one trunk and a couple of suit cases.

"Most of my stuff is aboard the Maurice," she told me.

Once aboard the Ventura she vanished. Eight days later she touched me on the arm. "He's not in yet!" she whispered.

I pointed to a smudge of smoke down Molokai channel. "That's him coming," I said.

"But he won't know I'm here!" she breathed.

"He's thinking of you," I replied. "Go to the Moana down at Waikiki, and I'll meet him."

The liner docked and she went off in a hack, a great figure of a woman, with her slender lands in her lap. I went to George's and had an alligator pear salad. Then I wandered down to Wilder's Wharf and watched the Maurice berth. Mallow stared at me wonderingly when he came ashore with his papers for the customs house.

"I don't see how you came—"

"Ask no questions," I responded. "I saw your wife. She is well and sends her love to you."

He stiffened. "She was quite comfortable?" he said quietly.

"Perfectly," I answered him. "How soon will you be through? Come and have a swim at Waikiki."

He considered this thoughtfully. At last, as we were entering the customs house, he spoke. "Yes; you know I met her there."

So at dusk we drove out to the Moana. The tide was in and the beach was covered with bathers. He left me to get a swimming suit. I feed the driver and reached the hotel a minute later. I found her seated in the big lounge, her eyes filled with fear.

"Into your bathing clothes!" I said sharply. "We are going for a swim."

Without a word she retired, her supple figure attracting all eyes.

I met her on the beach. "Now for the reef," I said, as we waded in.

She swam powerfully, breasting the breakers as they roared in, with absolute aplomb. Soon we were out where the waves did not break. I saw the shimmer of her white body as she dived. Then I distinguished another figure ahead. I recognized the master of the Maurice. He was swimming slowly, looking always seaward as he topped a swell. I touched her arm.

"There he is—your husband," I said.

She trod water a moment and stared. Then she dived and I fought a crested swell, ducked under a canoe that was rushing inshore and turned. On the beach I sat long, drying out in the tepid air that eddied in the bight. It was quite dark when two figures emerged from the water. They did not see me. They were both tall. The woman spoke in a broken voice:

"You never could understand."

He answered her triumphantly.

The Winning of Yolande

(Continued from Page 246)

There, I told you. Your horse has won, Mademoiselle. It is the good omen—congratulations! I must kiss the hand!"

He kissed both—and two more protesting, reluctant ones belonging to Mrs. Chalonner. A moment later Déjol was surrounded by a crowd of gesticulating young men, who showered him with slaps on the back and "han-shaks." Flushed with excitement he slapped and shook and "Mon Dieu!" them in return. The two ladies retreated a little from the enthusiastic ovation. But they were not to be spared. Déjol swept down upon them, with a stream of presentations. "Le Marquis d'Errol," "Le Conte Artors," "Le Prince d'Arenbourg," "Le Baron du Gostac." They must meet the real owner of the peerless Tonique, the wonderful Mademoiselle Folsome.

During the afternoon they moved with a train of titled squires. Evidently the magnificent tooth powder Prince Charming was a very popular potentate. They had tea in the *bois* on their way home, and were barely allowed time to dress before Déjol accompanied by his warm-hearted sponsor, was back again, waving tickets for the Opera Comique and bubbling suggestions for dinner.

Benjamin Loomis looked at Mrs. Chalonner quizzically.

"By this time, my dear Jeanne," he whispered, "I hope you have realized that you are Cupid's storm centre. He is wherever you are—and this time it's a cyclone—when you come to earth I shall be there to catch you."

"I'm beginning to be afraid," she murmured.

"Forget it for tonight. Leave the chaperoning to me."

She laughed a little ruefully. "Very well," she said. "I shall just have a good time, and hold you responsible."

"I wish you always would," he answered seriously; and meeting reprobation in her eyes, he hastened to change the subject. "I cabled a very strong endorsement of our young friend to Folsome. He doesn't know me, but he knows of me; and I've known that lunatic lover for years. And if she'd

spent her life hunting for the perfect husband, she couldn't make a better selection."

DÉJOL was as good as his word. Still with his sponsor and witness in tow, he arrived, followed by a frail, elderly gentleman in shiny black array.

"Ancestors," announced Déjol, waving his hand at the elderly gentleman, who might have been a magician or an undertaker, but who, on unstrapping a legal-looking pigskin case, proved himself a genealogist. He produced an illuminated parchment, in the semblance of a tree whereon hung various golden globes, labeled with euphonious names.

"Voici," he cackled in an attenuated voice, as if his researches among ancient documents and tomes had filled his lungs with antique dust. "The family tree of the House of Des Jolais, corrupted during The Terror, for reasons of safety to Déjol." He unrolled the arboreal monstrosity. "A Des Jolais was with the Norman Conqueror—the estates of Jolais are Norman—near Arques-la-Battelle. The remains of the chateau are still extant—"

"And as good as bought," interrupted the reinstated Des Jolais. "Ah, my dear Mademoiselle Yolande, that is some name for you, hein? 'Yolande la Jolie des Jolais.'"

"Look," he continued excitedly, "here we have married into Acquitaine, and there—that shield with the demicats gules, the Royal House of Bavaria. That was an Austrian grand duchess, and this a princess of Spain. I will have all the portraits, and the documents, shall I not, my old one?" The "old one" assured him that all should be produced or traced. "Ha!" Déjol carolled, "that will please the Democratic régime, will it not? All will be well. And whether it is true or not, I do not care, ma mie—and neither do you. This is only for the family of that great Jeffersonian simplicity—hein?"

His creative imagination had already peopled his world with an enthusiastic set of connections by marriage. Consequently the cable that was at that mo-

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